

NELLIE BLY SPEAKS

Russell Sage's Bomb Visitor
Asked Her Assistance

HE PROPOSED A PARTNERSHIP

And Declined His Wild Schemes—Nellie
Flew from Her Mad Acquaintance
Was the Real Thrower.

I believe that the dynamite which was used to kill Mr. Russell Sage was an accident, and that the man who was supposed to be the bomber, though to some extent an expert on the subject, was not a dynamite expert. I have met many men who are experts on the subject, but I have never met one who is an expert on the subject of dynamite. In those days, everything was worth looking into. There was always a chance for an



NELLIE BLY.

acquaintance with me, I would to see my correspondent. He was living at a cheap hotel down town, and under an assumed name, he said, because he was afraid if he were known to be in the city he would be taken from him.

I had talked with the man long before I made up my mind that he was crazy. After swearing me to secrecy he told me that he had everything ready to build a railroad straight from San Francisco to New York city, and that he had saved so much money by building across mountain tops as well as across the water, that he could afford to carry passengers across the continent for a few dollars.

He had maps and plans galore, which he showed to me pointing out the rivers, bridges and steep grades. Everything was complete. He intended to hire thousands upon thousands of men, and the entire road was to be built and in running order within a year.

"I shall control the entire corporation by owning nearly all the stock, and I hold contracts for building and equipping the entire line," he said, triumphantly. "Now I am going to present you with the next largest holding of a few dollars."

"What am I to do in return?" I asked, not catching the drift of his talk. "You are to go to some heavy capitalists, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Rockefeller, and perhaps one of the Vanderbilts, and demand \$1,000,000 for me," he said, coolly.

I laughed. "Do you think they would be so foolish as to give away their money?" I asked.

"They must, or they die," he said. "I have a way to make them give up the money."

"Then why not go to see them yourself?" I asked.

He was wild and cunning, despite his business.

"I could not reach them," he said; "you can. Their clerks would refuse me admittance. You are Nellie Bly. You outwitted Phelps, the Albany lobbyist. You can outwit these capitalists and get me my money."

I told him that I would fix up a telegram, and that in the meantime I would be absent from the city. This satisfied him. I left him, and a few days later started around the world. When then I have done no newspaper work, so my crazy railroad king had no



INTERVIEW WITH THE BOMB THROWER.

way to find me, but I feel sure he concluded to do his work himself and began and ended with Russell Sage.

He is not the only dangerous crank I have known, by a good many. New York is a regular playground of fanatics. I am quite confident that to-day no city has a larger percentage of insane persons on the outside of asylums. Perhaps my own experience has been particularly rich in incidents tending to confirm this view, but still I think the facts could hardly be overlooked by any sane man.

A few days ago I had a very funny experience, and that might have been serious. About seven o'clock in the morning my maid came into my bedroom, and said a woman was at the door looking to see me. A terrible crime had been committed the night before and she wanted to tell me about it. I told my maid to bring her to me and I would give her a few moments.

In the room, a tiny little creature with black eyes and gray hair and with a look of great distress in her face, who was dressed in shabby black gaiters and carried a good-sized bag.

"I want a word with you in private," she pleaded, with a slight and pleading smile.

"What is it?" I asked, and she came in and closed the door.

"I am a woman, a tiny little creature with black eyes and gray hair and with a look of great distress in her face, who was dressed in shabby black gaiters and carried a good-sized bag."

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BILL IS IN EGYPT

He Writes From the Outskirts
of Chicago.

HIS OBSERVATIONS PRESERVED

The Sermon That Was Provided For a
Consideration—Saunders as a Wait
Station—Hotel Experience.

IN THE CORN REGIONS OF EGYPT,
JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS OF
CHICAGO, December, 1891.

Leaving the last residences of South Chicago a little to our right half an hour ago, we suddenly found ourselves in Egypt, the corn growing region of southern Illinois, the richest agricultural region I ever saw, excepting perhaps some portions of France, which do not count for I claim that the large, yellow corn of commerce can only be raised successfully in the English language.



ON THE TRAIN.

I can almost imagine as I write these lines, resting my tablet against the alumbering subsoil of a fat man with massive roostered legs, and as I ever and anon get up to be brushed off by the porter and then settle back again to my writing. I say I can almost imagine Joseph coming down here from his own home as a slave, pursued by bloodhounds possibly, and becoming private secretary to Governor Fifer mayhap.

Anon I see him try to wean a young Egyptian steer calf by putting his finger in the calf's mouth and holding his head (the calf's head) in a pail of warm milk. Anon I see Joseph's feet fly out from under him as he flits across the horizon with a gallon of the milk of unkindness down the back of his neck. Such is life in Egypt under the Pharaohian regime.

I wrote to the Helping Hand bureau of Chicago several weeks ago, using, by permission, the name of our agent, and asking for a sermon. The Helping Hand bureau supplies sermons at a dollar a pair to clergymen who are suddenly overtaken with that tired feeling. Much has been said in Chicago within the past regarding this bureau, and of course it has been hopped upon by all right-minded clergymen.

I wrote for a sermon of the purring and somnolent variety, and got one for fifty cents which astonished me to death almost by reason of its accuracy in filling the bill and meeting the demands of my letter. The sermon was addressed to our agent, en route, I having attached the reverend to his name and borrowing his address for fear that the shrewd but goddess bureau on Dearborn street might suspect a job.

May I introduce a paragraph from this sermon which the bureau prepares while you wait? Let me just give you a few lines. You cannot be wholly bad after you have done. If you are like me, after you have done hot tears will be playing tag down your massive cheeks and falling with a silvery plink on the costly prayer rug. You may think that the words are mine, the word painting is so good and so lofty, but I assure you, gentle and glorified reader, they are not. This is the method of dividing up the subject:

- "Afflictions may be:
 - I. Cumulative. a. How cumulative.
 - II. Disciplinary. b. Why disciplinary.
 - III. Corrective. c. How corrective.
 - IV. Tentative. d. Why tentative.

At Saunders, N. C., the other day we found a new thing in the way of eating houses. Saunders is a station where two rival roads meet and shake their fists at each other. If one road has a train arriving in the morning, the other road has a train that arrives late in the evening to connect with it. This gives the traveler an opportunity to view the town of Saunders, which is composed largely of climate.

A thrifty gentleman, realizing the needs of this active little town, has established an eating works. The distinguishing characteristic of this place consists of a large circular table, the outer rim of which is stationary; the inner table, or center, containing the eatables, mustard pot, embalmied cockroaches and pie, revolves upon its axle, so that while your plate remains where it was originally put, the principal articles of indigestion may be obtained by taking hold of the revolving table and swinging it around till you get what you are after.

This works very well so long as there is a friendly feeling among the guests, but the other evening there was a general scurrying on the part of those who gathered around this festive board, growing to a strained and bitter feeling, growing to a point where the unfriendly relations between the two roads and the unfortunate connections, so that while one guest on the lee side of the table wanted something out of the caeter, which was on the starboard, and started the festive board to revolve at a rapid rate, another gentleman on the lee quarter decided that he also would like to open a bottle of vinegar, so that just as the caeter got to the first named gentleman the table was given another whirl and the air was filled with victuals, gravy and gloom.

Illinois is one of the richest regions, agriculturally, that I was ever at. It is almost one unbroken corn field, with here and there a barbed wire fence, upon which a 3-year-old calf is hanging by the throat. Corn grows here in great abundance, and in the nighttime the pantomime of a train load of hogs, side tracked under one's window, teaches us that all, all are born to die.

Soft coal and its consumption do a great deal to depress the spirits of those who love to live on the sunny side of the street and keep their hands clean. In Chicago one must wash his hands every little while, and then they are glassed in a moment when he touches a stair rail or a window blind. It is very painful, indeed, to a neat man like me.

I do not as a general thing complain. Neatness with me is a pleasing recreation. It is not my life work. I have slept in a third rate hotel with a person who moved in a social circle far beneath me, a person whom I had never met before, and who was also drunk, and who rubbed the hotel while I was at breakfast, and who, as I was going to say, was a great coarse man, but I forgot about it; and yet when I paid my bill and the clerk—who most always went armed—asked me if everything had been satisfactory, I told him that it had almost seemed like home to me.

Yet sometimes I murmur. Maybe it is because I want to attract attention, like a critic. Sometimes I do speak up because it is necessary almost, and so I state right here in print, knowing that I am answerable at the bar of Eternal Judgment, that there is a hotel in Arkansas where a new hall carpet in the main hall and a burnt rag in the reception room are almost as vital to the prosperity of the house as a jar of muriatic acid in the caeter to help in cutting the steak.

Please do not regard me as hypercritical, for if I am that it is purely because I do not understand the meaning of the word as I should, but there is in Arkansas a hotel where the man who can eat a whole meal and not do it under the influence of stimulants can go through more suffering than any man I ever came across.

Yesterday evening a man came to my dressing room just a little behind a professional card which was lightly covered with a rich black loam. Sinking in the card for some distance, I found the name of an actor who belonged to the "Singed Cat Opera company," which burst here two weeks ago with a dull press report which you may have heard.

I had stepped out of my dressing room a moment in order to have room to take out my watch and see what time it was, and had just returned when he entered on the hot trail of his card. He said that he wanted to see the show, their company having burst here some time ago, and would I pass one of the profession. Certainly, said I, with a sort of assumed air of Alvin Joalin audience and pie for breakfast which I can put on upon occasion.

He had a faraway look and some of the grease paint of a former engagement interfered with his hearing. He wore a flamenco scarf with a wonderful imitation of boiled egg on it, and his collar proved to me that however his health might be otherwise his pores had been open all the time and active.

He wore a frock coat with a short waist, and his cuffs acted as though they were pinned inside the sleeves of same. Somehow I felt that if he had thoughtlessly removed his coat I could have seen only a Prince Teck scarf and the play of his pectoral muscles.

Possibly I did him an injustice. Possibly he had a shirt. If not, I never saw a laughier man without one. He said: "We done a rotten business here. When we started out we had good paper and played to S. R. O. in South Archey, but the leading man got sort of milty on his plates" with rheumatism, and before a week we was stopping at a one plunk house; the owners got her skates on and tried to play opposite a jag that was out of sight, and so she quivered the



THE ACTOR'S REQUEST.

business. The manager piped her off and fined her a week's salary, so she took a B. and S. with us and shook the company at West Pancoos, O. She was all right, the offense was, except her legs, who she had a jag, and she could not like a turtle dove and never dry up like some does when they get their skates on, but she was milty on her plates—see? And so now she is playing Little Eva, which is mostly on a death bed, and where she says it's a lead pipe cinch."

I gave him a pass, as I would any one who belongs to our honored profession, but as Little Emily's uncle would say, if I knew the meaning of anything he said to me whatever, may I be gormed.

Bill Nye

"Milty on his plates," I am told by Mr. Irving, is a racing term and means untidily on his feet.

"A 'one plunk house,' Mr. Irving assures me, is a dollar-a-day house. The 'onjew,' he says, is one who plays the part of a pure young girl who never had an evil thought. E. W. N.

Every thing in the line of oysters, fish, and game in season can be found at Detenthal's, No. 117 Monroe street.

Order your wools of E. A. Hamilton.

Garfield Tea is peculiarly adapted to persons of sedentary habits, as its action is mild, not drastic or constipating, saving no after ill-effects.

Pico's Cure for Consumption cured a case of Pneumonia after the family doctor gave up all hope.—M. F. McDowen, Conowingo, Md.

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SEVENTEETH ANNUAL

LINEN SALE!

COMMENCES

Monday Morning, Jan. 11th.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The pleasure of your attendance is desired at our Seventeenth Annual Linen Sale during the week of January 11th to 16th inclusive. Reception from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. daily during the week.

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Green and Doby Olives in bulk, Stuffed and Pitted Olives, Cucumber Catsup, Stuffed Mangos, and Peppers. All kinds of Foreign and Domestic Canned Fruit, Sugar, Corn, Lima Beans, String Beans and Green Peas.

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SWEET FLORIDA ORANGES. 2c per dozen; 60c per peck

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SPRING & COMPANY.

The preparations for our Seventeenth Annual Linen Sale exceed that of any previous attempt. This is true as regards every particular that experience could suggest. In variety, in quality and most emphatically in prices will this fact be noticeable. Our magnificent display of Table Linens, Napkins, Tray and Lunch Cloths, Sheetings and Pillow Case Linens, Doylies, Towels, Crashes and Marseilles Quilts, are offered at the most tempting prices.

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Eclipses all our former assortments. These are unsurpassed for excellence of quality, durability in wear and beauty in design. We are sole representatives of these goods in this market, and their superiority is so well known that extended comment is unnecessary.

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SPRING & COMPANY.

We invite all who are interested in this magnificent display, or who enjoy a scene of unusual activity, if intending purchasing or not.

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